

If thou wouldest read a lesson that will keep Thy heart fro

Marlinton, Pocahontas

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Biographic Sketch of The Buckleys.

Pioneer Settlers of Buckeye Vicinity.

After leaving Joe McNeil's, as mentioned last week, I tramped across the fields and hills, the dry sod being almost slippery as ice, and I reached the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Kee.

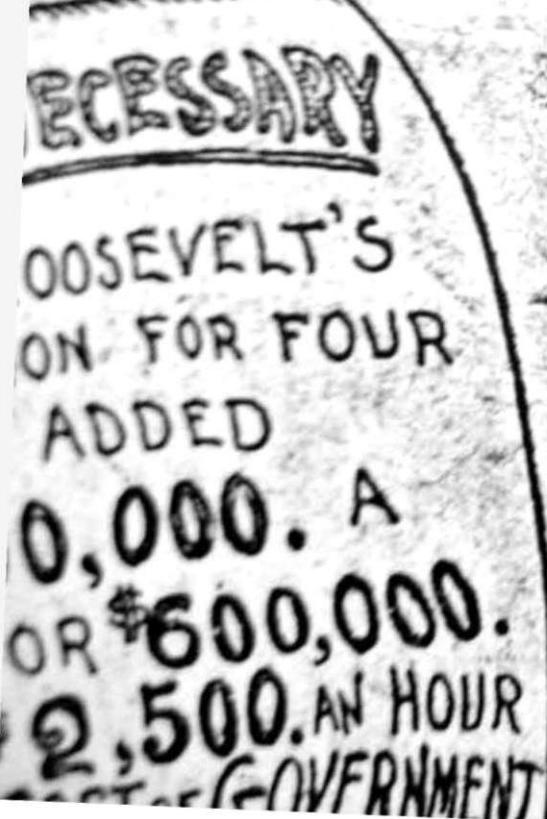
My readers will readily perceive why this paper should be so largely taken up with the Buckley family, when it be remembered that my Bucks Run host was named Joseph Buckley McNeill and Aaron Kee is a great grandson of Joshua Buckley, the Winchester pioneer of Buckeye. From information obtained since publishing the Pocahontas Sketches, I learn that John Buckley, the pioneer's oldest son, was born near Winchester, February 16, 1762, and is so recorded as I am advised. This date, should it prove authentic, would be useful in ascertaining something of the time

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In sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

St Virginia Oct. 13, 1904.



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Joshua Buckley secured the right to three hundred acres on the east side of the Greenbrier along with a very considerable tract on the west side, contiguous to the mouth of Swago. The proceeds of the following autumn's hunt met all the expense of securing a title to these lands.

So far as known John McNeel, Jacob and Charles Kennison were the only residents of the Little Levels at the time Joshua Buckley came to Buckeye, his attention having been drawn to this region by John McNeel.

The hunter's camp was occupied until a cabin could be built and ground prepared for corn, potatoes and buckwheat. The original dwelling was fifty yards or more

from the east bank. It was so useful and its mistress that when died her special instinct that Thyatira should be by the family long live, and must never charge. A cabin was near where the station is now located cabin she moved to whose wife was H where she died and the Buckley grave years ago.

Thyatira was found a comfortable house by her pioneer master. Buckley's dying wife fully respected him and so it became was a privileged cabin in her later years.

One instance illustrates the manner in which she was, may be given. Buckley the Pioneer had the Burgess place as summer range. His sons Thyatira and Joseph did the work and the salting. In the year that she went stock as usual, and would not stay by the cattle. She came used to the range likely to come down

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In the course of years the bank was worn away and the dwelling was about to be undermined.

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One of the improvements Joe made was the planting of The

possessio[n] of Andrew Edmiston, of the Lower Levels. Thyatira was so useful and devoted to her mistress that when Mrs Buckley died her special instructions were that Thyatira should be maintained by the family long as she might live, and must never be a county charge. A cabin was built for her near where the Buckeye station is now located. From this cabin she moved to George Kee's whose wife was Hester Buckley, where she died and was buried in the Buckley graveyard many years ago.

Thyatira was furnished a very comfortable housekeeping outfit by her pioneer mistress, and Mrs Buckley's dying wishes were carefully respected by her children, and so it became that Thyatira was a privileged character during her later years.

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One of the more noticeable im-
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Such was her kindness of heart no stranger was ever turned away, but all were warmed, fed and lodged. Whether worthy or unworthy, she never seemed to stop to inquire, and there is but little doubt that time and again her generosity was abused.

- Joseph Buckley the second son of the Pioneer Joshua was distinguished for his fondness for playing practical jokes, and telling strange yarns about ghosts and witches. He possessed ready wit and his reportees remind me much of John Randolph of Roanoke. It is my impression that Joe Buckley could have come nearer duplicating that person in form, features, tones of voice, sarcasm and repartee than any one I ever heard of.

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that they had never seen anyone
like "Jack" Randolph.

Now from what I have heard
about Mr. Randolph, I feel pretty
sure that if they had ever seen Joe
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you and that the sooner you could
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would be for your feelings if you
did not want to hear it told on
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Virginia Oct. 13, 1904.

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Her tortures were excruciating and yet strange to say she got well, contrary to the doctor's expectations.

The Buckeye pioneer's second daughter, Elizabeth, became Mrs. Arter McClure in lower Pocahontas, or upper Greenbrier. Her son Samuel McClure, is remembered on Stony Creek and vicinity.

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James McClure is survived by numerous industrious sons and daughters whose families are growing up in Virginia, West Virginia and Indiana.

Such are a few of the reminiscences pertinent to my recent visit to the hospitable, well furnished, home of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Kee at the original Kee homestead. For a hundred years this has been a Kee home, and for all these years has been a place where travelers and acquaintances would be hospitably received and kindly entertained.

It aroused my sympathies to find my friend from his boyhood in such infirm health. But he re-

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It aroused my sympathies to find my friend from his boyhood in such infirm health. But he receives and endures it all with becoming resignation, being fully persuaded that such is the wisdom and goodness of the Supreme Being in whom all live, move and have their being, that all at last must and shall be well.

About eight fall the rain that was looked for early in the day from my cozy quarters on Joe McNellie's porch began to fall and at frequent intervals there were

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About night fall the rain that was looked for early in the day from my cozy quarters on Joe McNeill's porch began to fall and at frequent intervals there were showers all night long. The patterning of the raindrops was the most soothing of sounds inviting sweet and hopeful slumber.

Pretty early next morning I took up my carriages for the home stretch on this tramping round.

The road I found to be quite injury and the mud was of the sticky sort that would be hard to get rid of even when dry.

About the time I had made ready to start and do whatever a muddy tramp might mean, George McComb of Dan, came along with his team driven by his half grown young McComb, a chip of the

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George seemed to be feeling
good on the rain and hailed me in
his cherry way to wait for the
wagon climb on and we would
take ride to Marlington together.

It would take a volume of sev-
eral hundred pages to contain all
that this resident of the Dan flag
station vicinity could tell of the
ups and downs, round and rounds
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Some ten or more years after set-
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house to barn in a canoe or dug
out. Mrs Buckley passed her
time in the house, sewing on a
log-hunting shirt as she sat by a win-
dow overlooking the river, and
she could almost reach the water
from the window with her hand
while at the highest tide.

At the death of her father, a
Mr Collins, of Newtown, Mrs
Hannah Buckley was bequeathed
a servant woman named Thyatira,
who was quite a character in her
time. Her husband was Joo, In

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years ago.

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by her pioneer mistress, and Mrs
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In has been
with a number
often seen John
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that they had n-
like "Jack" R-
Now from w-
about Mr. R-

feel's to have his horse leaving his wife and his hunter's camp alone. This leads to the in the Pioneer McNeel at some time previ-

Buckley secured the two hundred acres on the west side of the Greenbrier very considerable expense of securing lands.

In John McNeel, Les Kennison were sets of the Little Joshua Buckeye, his attention was to this region

Camp was occupied to be built and for corn, potatoes

The original yards or more ink of the Greenwell was between the two. This William Buckley,

and born April 1812, who had been to which was done and abundance obtained at twenty-five feet.

tion is now cabin she moved to George Kee's whose wife was Hester Buckley, where she died and was buried in the Buckley graveyard many years ago.

Thyatira was furnished a very comfortable housekeeping outfit by her pioneer mistress, and Mrs Buckley's dying wishes were carefully respected by her children, and so it became that Thyatira was a privileged character during her later years.

One instance out of many illustrates the manner of servant she was, may be given. When Joshua Buckley the Pioneer opened up the Burgess place he used it for summer range. For several seasons Thyatira and the boys John and Joseph did the driving out and the salting. It happened one year that she went out with the stock as usual, and was instructed to stay by the cattle until they became used to the range and not be likely to come back or stray elsewhere. She went into camp and when bed time came covered her head with a sheep skin. Upon awaking in the morning Thyatira found herself uncomfortably warm, and the covering felt very heavy. It was found snow had fallen and broken deep. She at once hunted around, gathered up her drove and brought it back to Buckeye.

One of the more noticeable im-

ing practical jokes, strange yarns about witches. He possessed and his reportees re of John Randolph. It is my impression Buckley could have duplicating that person's features, tones of voice and repartee than I have heard of.

In has been my good fortune with a number of people often seen John Buckley was a common remark that they had never heard like "Jack" Randolph.

Now from what I have heard about Mr. Randolph, I am sure that if they had seen Buckley they would have said, "We never heard of such a fellow as Jack Randolph."

Some of the stories I have heard about Buckley are keen, sarcastic and witty. I have ever heard of anyone who were Joe Buckley, in his falsetto voice, smile anywhere without seeing a sad face, nor a gleam of mirth about his piercing eyes, blazed beneath his rugged eye-brows, thick eyebrows. There was something about the way Buckley looked at you that made you feel that he knew you and that the sooner you got out of the way, the better for you.

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could be built and
ared for corn, potatoes
heat. The original
fifty yards or more
at bank of the Green-
he well was between
and the bank. This
by William Buckley,
while on a visit. Pre-
water had been car-
a spring near Lump Sil-
it was determined to
more convenient by sink-
all which was done and
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of twenty-five feet.
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where. She went into camp and
when bed time came covered her
head with a sheep skin. Upon
awakening in the morning Thya-
tira found herself uncomfortably
warm, and the covering felt very
heavy. It was found snow had
fallen ten inches deep. She at
once hustled around, gathered up
her drove and brought it back to
Buckley.

One of the more noticeable im-
provements Joshua Buckley made
was the planting of a large or-
chard. The sprouts were brought
in a pair of saddle bags from near
Winchester, so very small they
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one years growth. This orchard
was in its time considered one of
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ing in course of time.

Two sons and two daughters
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rents. The eldest, John Buckley,
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David Gibson the
the Elk relationshi-

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duties out of doors
doors.

These persons
of their own, but
reared orphans.

Mrs. Buckley

In a well, which was obtained at a depth of twenty-five foot. In the course of years the bank is worn away and the dwelling is about to be undermined, was moved farther back and still not so many years ago by Rev Joshua Buckley at what seemed a safe distance. At present time the house is within or so of the brink, so rapid as the bank worn away, ten or more years after setting there was an alarming in the Greenbrier and the surrounded the dwelling of her. Mr. Buckley and a woman Thyatira took the cows and chickens to higher ground. The steep house and barn being enough to swim a Mrs Buckley would not leave. In the mean husband passed from to in a canoe, or dug Beckley passed her house, sowing on a as she sat by a window the river, and lost reach the water box with her hand ghettado.

her father, a of Newtown, Mrs was bequeathed named Thyatira, a character in her bed was Joe, in

her Grove
Buckeye.

One of the more noticeable improvements Joshua Buckley made was the planting of a large orchard. The sprouts were brought in a pair of saddle bags from near Winchester, so very small they were, being for the most part of one year's growth. This orchard was in its time considered one of the best and it furnished sprouts for a great deal of orchard planting in course of time.

Two sons and two daughters were reared by these pioneer parents. The eldest, John Buckley, already mentioned, whose son the late Joshua Buckley was in his time a widely known and much respected citizen and minister of the Methodist Protestant church. So numerous were the marriages he performed that it looked as if he had taken out a patent right for that interesting business for half the county at least and a good part of upper Greenbrier.

The pioneer's daughter Hester, or, as she was most commonly called, Hetty, became the wife of every kind of the late George Kee, near Marlinton, and the honored progenitor or plant that of the Kee relationship in the Marlinton vicinity. Her energy and the meantime industry as a home keeper were bridge leading the talk of her day. Her grand- and among son Aaron Kee lives on the home called in place, where passed the most of her band. her life in her busy home duties, there was

you and that the sooner get out of the way the would be for your son did not want to hear you and be the subject of ridicule all over hood.

Though he has been us for nearly forty years is not many living names are as frequent as "Joe Buckley," was Elizabeth G. David Gibson the the Elk relations!

She was a noble woman and was ever ready to perform duties out of doors.

These persons were of their own, reared orphans.

Mrs. Buckley was sorely afflicted on the bed To use her own like a hot iron

her agony all day and night, and the mean time industry as a home keeper were bridge leading the talk of her day. Her grand- and among son Aaron Kee lives on the home called in place, where passed the most of her band. her life in her busy home duties, there was

Longfellow

ellers and acquaintance generously received entertained.

It aroused my sympathy to find my friend from in such infirm health. He receives and endures coming resignation, persuaded that such and goodness of thing in whom all have their being, they must and shall be.

About eight o'clock I was looked for early from my cozy room at Neills's porch beginning at frequent intervals showers all night. The patter of the rain was most soothing and sweet and hopeful.

Pretty early in the morning I took up my car and stretch on two

Mrs Buckley
structions were
to be maintaining
as she might
be a county
as built for
Buckeye sta-

From this
George Kee's
son Buckley,
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had a very
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Thyatira board of
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worthy, she never seemed to stop to injure, and there is but little doubt that time and again her generosity was abused.

Joseph Buckley the second son of the Pioneer Joshua was distinguished for his fondness for playing practical jokes, and telling strange yarns about ghosts and witches. He possessed ready wit and his reporters remind me much of John Randolph of Roanoke. It is my impression that Joe Buckley could have come nearer duplicating that person in form, features, tones of voice, sarcasm and repartee than any one I ever heard of.

"It has been my fortune to meet with a number of people that had often seen John Randolph and it was a common remark with them that they had never seen anyone like "Jack" Randolph."

Now from what I have heard about Mr. Randolph, I feel pretty

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Some of the most withering,
keen, sarcastic repartees that I
have ever heard from anyone,
were Joe Buckley's remarks spok-
on in his falsetto tones and not a
smile anywhere visible on his long
and face, nor a gleam of humor
about his piercing gray eyes, that
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rugged eye-brows, with penetra-
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look about the way that Joe
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get out of the way the better it

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coming resignation
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George seemed
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The two mile home that wagon was a thin ure and interest to w stretch would have thin summer gaiters. tramped, Thanks McComb, may you long live to own an and happen along ple may be as glad I was.

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These persons had no children of their own, but adopted and reared orphans.

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ellers and acquaintances would be
generously received and kindly
entertained.

It aroused my sympathies to
find my friend from his boyhood
in such infirm health. But he re-
ceives and endures it all with be-
coming resignation, being fully
persuaded that such is the wisdom
and goodness of the Supreme Be-
ing in whom all live, move and
have their being, that all at last
must and shall be well.

About night fall the rain that
was looked for early in the day
from my cozy quarters on Joe Mc-
Neill's porch began to fall and
at frequent intervals there were
showers all night long. The pat-
tering of the raindrops was the
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Pretty early next morning I
took up my carriages for the home
stretch on this tramping round.

The road I found to be quite
miry and the mud was of the
sticky sort that would be hard to
get rid of even when dry.

About the time I had made
ready to dare and do whatever a
muddy tramp might mean, George
McComb of Dan, came along with
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Buckley's." His wife Elizabeth Gibson, sister of Alison the progenitor of the relationship of that name, was a noted housekeeper and ready for her home at doors as well as in

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It would take a volume of several hundred pages to contain all that this resident of the Dan flag station vicinity could tell of the ups and downs, round and rounds of his eventful life and much of it would be interesting reading, written out just as he tells it, how a man has to hustle to keep alive considering the enemies he has had to confront and meet the cares and duties of raising as they ought to be raised six sons and six daughters.

The two mile home stretch in that wagon was a thing of pleasure and interest to what the home stretch would have been in my thin summer gaiters, had it been tramped. Thanks to you Mr. McComb, may you and your boy long live to own and drive wagons and happen along whenever people may be as glad to meet you as I was.

W. T. R.

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The two mile home stretch in that wagon was a thing of pleasure and interest to what the home stretch would have been in my thin summer garters, had it been tramped. Thanks to you Mr. McComb, may you and your boy long live to own and drive wagons and happen along whenever people may be as glad to meet you as I was.

W. T. R.

Shakespeare Says

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

But he knew nothing about Green Seal Liquid paint. For sale by C. J. Richardson.

J. A. Arbuckle, A. B. M. D.,
Specialty,

EYE, EAR, NOSE and THROAT,
Will be in Marlinton 1st Friday, Saturday and Sunday of each month.

DR. GULLIFORD'S OFFICE,
Hours, 8-1 a. m., and 3-5 p. m.

"Joe Buckley's." His wife, Elizabeth Gibson, sister of old Gibson the progenitor of Elk relationship of that name. He was a noted housekeeper was ever ready for her home, out of doors as well as in

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DR. GUILFORD'S OFFICE,
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